



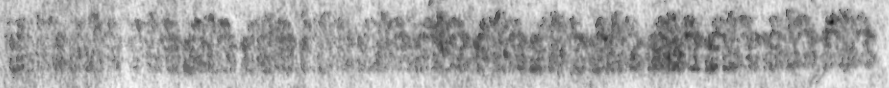
THE

Servitour :



POEM.



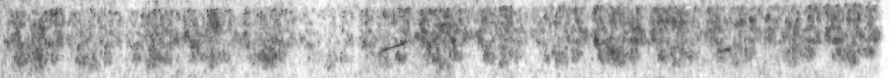


THE

SEALPOINT



POE M.



H
W
F
nte
Fr

THE
Servitour:
A
POEM.

*Written by a Servitour of the
University of Oxford,*

AND

*Faithfully taken from his Own
Original Copy, &c.*

L O N D O N,

Printed, and Sold by *H. Hills* in *Black-*
Fryars, near the Water-side, 1709.

THE

SELECTIONS



POPE

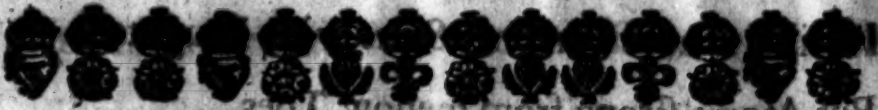
Written by a Servitor of the
University of Oxford.

AND

faithfully taken from his own
Original Copy, 1867.

LONDON.

Printed and Sold by W. H. & Co. Stationers,
near the Water Gate, 1867.



THE
SERVITOUR:

POEM.

When *Phœbus* shon with warmest Rays,
And shortened Nights, to lengthen Days;
left Old *Cham*, and Mother *Grant-a*;
To see the Wonders Fame did *Cham-a*,
Of *Oxford* And, and Doctors banter'd;
A Master that Expulsion ventur'd,
And took in hand a Case perilous,
Like an undaunted *Terraplin*
Brought

Brought by a Friend to their Theatre,
 I should have burst my Sides with Laughter;
 But Atoms strong from mellow Toes,
 In Squadrons came t' assail my Nose;
 And Arm-pits rank, with Udders swelling,
 Did make us Curse our Sense of Smelling.
 Then Breath of Crowd did cause a Heat,
 Which put us into such a Sweat;
 That all being o'er, my Friend and I
 Adjourn'd to th' Tavern very dry.
 From Fogg's Theatre, I declare,
 We scarce were got to thinner Air,
 When to my wond'ring Eye appear'd,
 Emerging from a Skittle-Yard;
 An o'er-grown Looby, with Arms dangling,
 And Pendant Noddle like a Changling,
 With Cap in form of Cow-Turd sinking,
 Like Cheesey-Pouch of Shon-up-Sbenking,
 His Sandy Locks, with wide Flares,
 Like Bristles seem'd Breeched at us.

Brought



Clotted

Clotted with Sweat, the Ends hung down;
 And made Resplendent Cape of Gown;
 Whose Cape was thin, and so Transparent,
 Hold it to the Light, you'd scarce beware on't.
 'Twixt Chin and Breast contiguous Band,
 Hung in an Obtuse Angle, and
 It had a Latitude Canonick,
 And was as short as Stile Laconick.
 His Coat so greasy was, and torn,
 That had you seen it, you'd have sworn
 'Twas Ten Years old when he was born.
 His Buttons fringed, as is the Fashion,
 In Gallick and Britannick Nation:
 Or, to speak like more Modern fellows,
 Their Moulds dropt out like ripe Brown-shellers.
 His Leathern Galligaskins rent,
 Made Artless Musicks he went,
 Thro' Pastime Dine, as black as Dirt,
 Hung ragged Piece of shitten Shirt.

His Holey Stockins were ty'd up,
 One with a Band, one with a Rope,
 Amaz'd at such a Sight, I cry'd,
 What Scoundrel's that ! My Friend reply'd,
 A Thousand like him you may see
 About the University,
 What ! don't you know a Servitour ?
 A Servitour, said I, I'll swear
 I took him for some Natural,
 Or Idiot, from an Hospital,
 Rather than Schollar—Why! he's none,
 Says he, although he wears a Gown,
 But let us to *King's-Head* repair,
 Where o'er a Bottle you shall hear,
 In General, their Character,
 We went, and Drawer in we rung,
 Brought good as e'er was tip't o'er Tongue,
 Then after two or three good Draughts,
 To quench our Thirst, and moisten Throats,

My Friend began to tell his Story:
 Which is, as I shall lay before ye:
 Some Husbandman aspiring high,
 Who scorns each paltry Dignity,
 Thinks Clerk o'th' Parish, or Church-Warden,
 Or Constable, not worth a Farthing:
 Tho' he has scarce a Rag his Arse on,
 Resolves to make his Son a Parson.
 To Free-School then he sends him strait,
 Where Latin's got at cheapest Rate:
 The Boy with Dinner in a Basket,
 And Butter-milk for drink in Flasket;
 A Mile or two each Morn must Trudge-it,
 With Satchel like a Tinker's Budget:
 The Lad with Memory, more than Sence,
 Do's soon run through his Accidence:
 Within perhaps a Twelve-month more,
 He'll say you all his Grammar o're;
 Repeat you Verses till you're weary,
 As fast as Monk his *Azy Mary*:

Tho'

Tho' he don't understand one word on't,
 No more than if he ne'er had heard on't.
 When Five years longer he has tumbled
 The Dictionary, and hard Words rumbled,
 His Father comes to Buttock-firker,
 And brings a Present to the Jerker:
 Zur, here's a Pig—I hope my Zon
 Minds his Book, gwo's bravely on:
 Indeed, Good *Roger*, lays the Master,
 I've forty Boys, but none learn faster;
 He's fit for *Oxford*: now your *Dick*
 May come to get a Bishoprick.
 When once he's enter'd Servitour,
 He'll live for little or nothing there.
 And zoa he'd need, reply'd the Clown,
 By'r Lady he's cost me many a Crown
 To maken a Schollard; for I boughten
 A Pow'r a Books he zed you taughten:
 Howe'er I do' ne Grudge what's gwon,
 For it is Learning makes the Mon.

Tho'

Since

Since he's such a Paillois Boy,
 Chil zend 'en to the Varsity;
 I'm not so Prodigal to with it,
 That my Zon *Dick* mould be a Bishop.
 If he can get Prevarment here,
 Or Zeven or Eight—Pounds a Year,
 To preach and zell a Cup of Beer
 To help it out, he'll get good Profit,
 And make a pratty Busness of it.
 Bless me, said I! are Servitours
 Made of such Rude unpollisht Curs?
 Yes, says he—or of severl Brothers,
 If one's more stupid than the others;
 Disabled, and by Nature made
 Uncapable of any Trade:
 The Father cries, though he's an Oafe,
 He'll make a Parson good enough.
 By Carrier then, the lumphish Drone
 Is brought to *Oxford*, puts on Gown:

Which

Which, how't becomes him, you may know
 By him you saw a while ago,
 Exalted with his new Promotion,
 For he conceiv'd a mighty Notion
 Of th' Honour t' which He should attain
 By living amongst Gentlemen;
 Who ne'er before did any know,
 Except his Landlord 'twas, or so,
 He struts, pulls off his Cap to no-Man;
 And to conceal, betrays the Plow-man;
 But checkt for's Insolent Behaviour,
 And fearing to be out of Favour,
 He is as much on t'other side,——
 And bids farewell to short-liv'd Pride;
 Which, Fart like, came from dung-sounded, and dy'd
 His Duty h'as so much Regard of,
 He'll Cap a Master twenty Yards off;
 To whom such Fear is him upon, Sir;
 When spoken to, he dares not Answer.

T'ch' Morn when call'd to Prayer-Bell,
 Doleful to him as Passing-Knells,
 From Garret lofty he descends
 By Ladder, which dire Fate portends:
 Half-wak'd, not having half his Nap,
 Yawning he comes into the Chap-
 —pel, with his Hofs his Heels about;
 And one, through haste, the wrong-side out.
 Prayers are, perhaps, in Greek or Latin,
 (Faith I can't bring a Rhime for that in.)
 Which h' understands no more than if
 He came from Pike of Teneriff.
 This done, to Lecture he must go
 To learn Rules Dialectick, tho'
 That Labour's vain; for after all,
 He is so meer an Animal—
 Himself, he can't prove Rational;
 He's so profound a Politician,
 And of so mild a Disposition,

That he'll ne'er come to Disputation,
 'Cause Quarrels ruin any Nation.
 'Bout Dinner-time down comes the Lubber,
 When's Belly (hungry Dog) cries Cubbord,
 To get a Mese of Broth fr'm Kitchen,
 Where he sees Dainties so bewitching,
 As Turkies, Capons, Ribs of Beef,
 No wonder if he plays the Thief;
 And, like a Fox, so Fowl insidious,
 When Cook has turn'd his Back, perfidious-
 --ly — whips off Liver, or a Gizzard,
 From pinion'd Wing of Bird; for 'tis hard
 To suffer *Tantalus* his Fate —
 To see, and smell, and yet not eat.
 Poor Scraps, and Cold, as I'm a Sinner,
 Being all that he can get for Dinner.
 Once out of Curiosity,
 What Lodging th' had, I needs must see;
 A Room with Dirt, and Cobwebs lind,
 Which here and there with Spittle shin'd;

Inha-

unhabited, let's see—by Four angels
If I mistake not, there was no more
Two Buggy-beds, had new Curtains
And but one Chamber-Pot in Squance
Their Dormer Windows with Brown paper
Was patch'd to keep out Northern Weather
The Tables broken, Foot stool on
An Old *Schneiders* Lexicon, and
Here lay together, Authors various,
From *Homer's Iliads*, to *Cordelia*
And so abus'd was *Aristotle*,
He only serv'd to stop a Bottle,
Or light a Pipe, of which were many,
On Chimney-piece, instead of Cheney;
Where eke stood Glafs, Dark-Lanterns ancient,
Fragment of Mirrer, Pen-knife, Trencher,
And forty things which I can't mention.
Old Chairs and Stools, and such-like Lumber,
Compleatly furnisht out the Chamber.

Such

Such Plagues, I cry'd,
Avert ye Gods, from Clever Doggs,
And may they fall on Silly Rogues,
My Friend reply'd
A Clever Servitor's Fiction,
The Words imply a Contradiction:
For think of all you call in Fools,
Meer Bumpkins, and the meanest Souls,
Ridiculous, and I will concur,
In this its Center, Servitor.



~~There the good Glass, Dark-Lanterns ancient~~
Fragment of Mirror, Pen-knife, Trencher,
and forty things which I can't mention.
Old Chairs and Stools, and such-like lumber,
completely furnished one chamber.

Such